AUGUST 1947 No. 8 10c

# SWEET SIXTEEN

COMICS AND STORIES FOR GIRLS

SWEET "16"

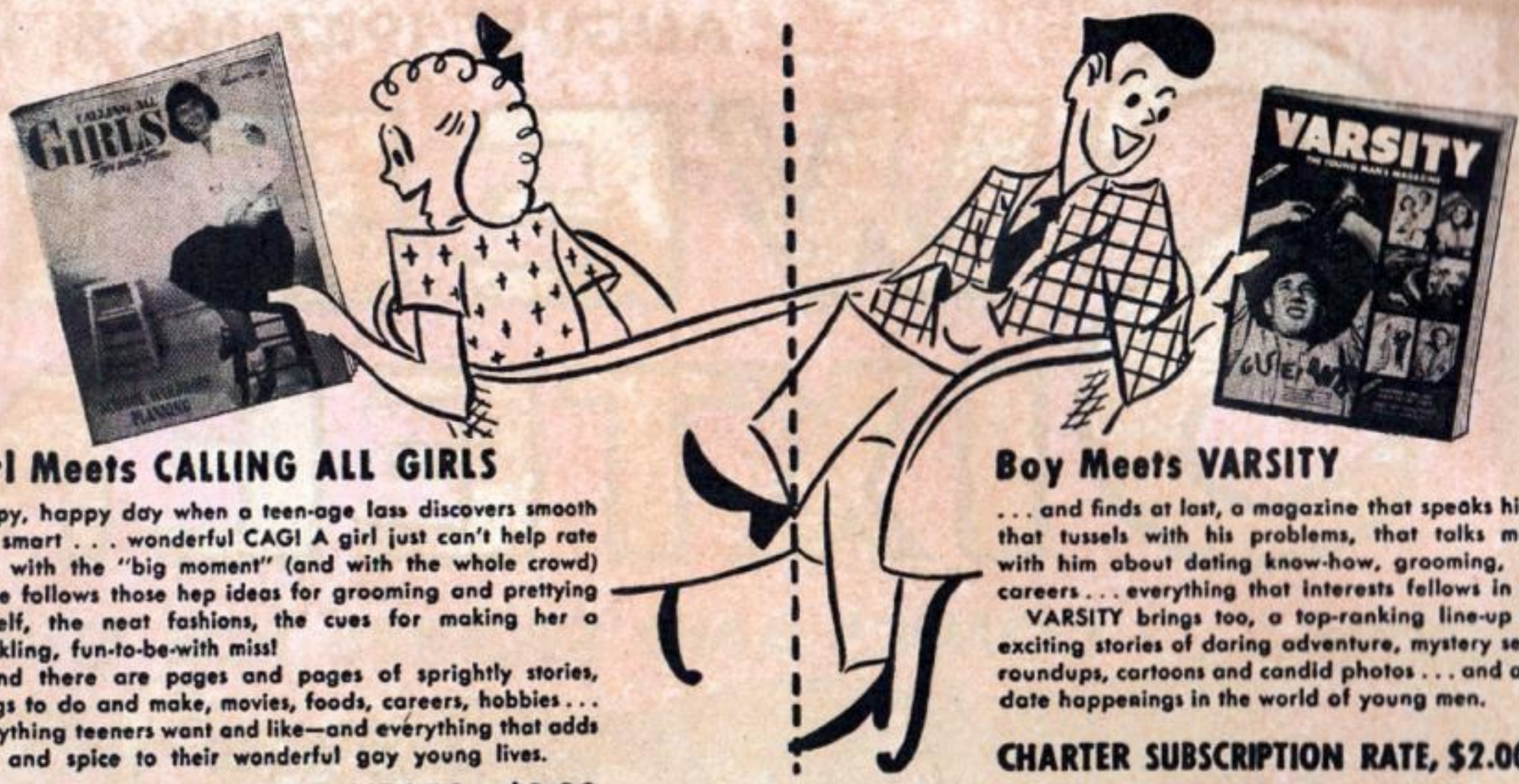
SWEET SIXTEENER OF THE MONTH . . . SHIRLEY JOHNS

Starlet Featured In "Summer Holiday"

POOR FISH

DIRINDA GOES PIONEER

ICE QUEEN BARBARA ANN SCOTT

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SWEET SIXTEEN is published monthly by Sweet Sixteen, Inc. (a subsidiary of the publishers of Parents' Magazine). Publication Office: 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Ill. Executive and Editorial Offices: 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. 10c a copy. By subscription, 12 issues, $1.00 in U. S. and Canada; in foreign countries, $1.20. Not responsible for manuscripts or art work submitted. All rights reserved. Copyright 1947 by Sweet Sixteen, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, June 7, 1946, at the Post Office in Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879, entered as second-class mail in Toronto, Canada. Title registered U. S. Patent Office August, 1947, issue No. 8.

# A SCOOP FOR PATSY

By OCELIA RATLIFF

**Patsy only wanted to report the news . . . she never meant to be a headline herself!**

MY friends call me Patsy. My real name is Patricia Evans, but sometimes I think Patsy is more descriptive, especially since June when I finished my Junior year at Harrodville High and got a summer job on the *Press*. I found out soon enough that Mr. Trink, the city editor, didn't think much of women where newspaper work was concerned. Maybe that's why he gave me the job as cub reporter. He thought I would make a fool of myself and quit, thus proving his point.

I started learning the newspaper business the hard way. One day I hiked clear across town to a printing shop to get a left handed quoin key, only to find there was no such thing. And one day my typewriter was mysteriously replaced by one that typed Arabic characters only, so that when I typed a fast

"Here, Taboo!" I hissed, "Come here, you lovely creature—but not too close!!"

paragraph touch system, I got some international complications instead of the slick lead I had planned. All this and plenty more happened to little Patsy.

I stuck it out. Then Mr. Trink put me in charge of the *Queer Pets* department. Probably he thought that would be the end. That I would throw up my typewriter and resign. Not me. I traipsed all over town interviewing people and their pets and writing a daily feature about it.

In lots of ways it was a creepy job. First a real live timberwolf tried to gnaw my ankle. Then I did a piece about a bevy of pet lizards and had chills for a week. But when a snake charmer came to town with a carnival I drew the line and invented a headache. I was sure Mr. Trink would fire me but he didn't. Now I think I know why and that's what this story is all about.

It was just before noon when Mr. Trink called me to his desk.

"I've got a job for you, Patricia," he said. He was the only one in the office who called me that instead of Patsy. His craggy face was solemn, but there was a glint in his eye I didn't like.

"A story for your *Queer Pets* department," he continued. "Call Mr. Hugh Cross, out on Deer Creek Lane. I got a tip that he has a very odd pet."

I sighed. "Sure, Mr. Trink. What kind of an animal is it this time? N-no more snakes, I hope."

He shook his head. "I don't know. But you'll see."

Anyway, I got on the phone after looking Mr. Hugh Cross up in the book. He answered and I explained who I was and what I wanted.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "But Mrs. Cross and I are going away for a week."

"Oh, dear," I said. "I wanted this story for Sunday's paper." Unlike spot news, you see, most features are prepared ahead of time and held for use.

Mr. Cross had a warm, friendly voice. He thought a minute and then came up with an idea. "Look, Miss Evans, why don't you come out anyway? Our maid, Elise, will be here. You can see Taboo yourself and talk to Elise. That ought to take care of your article all right."

I must have sounded a little stupid. "T-Taboo? Who is that? I mean . . ."

Ensued one of those little silences. Then he laughed "You mean you don't even know what kind of a pet we've got? Why, Taboo is a skunk. A pet skunk. But you mustn't worry. He loves strangers. Just as friendly as a pup. And smart too!"

"S-sure," I gulped. "I know that Taboo and I will get along just fine." I hope, I added as I hung up after thanking him. A skunk, mind you! And I thought I wanted to be a newspaper reporter.

Mr. Trink caught me just as I was leaving the office.

"What's the story, Patricia? Mind telling me what kind of a beast it is this time?" As if he didn't know!

I told him. He grinned and said something to one of the men on the copy desk. As the door slammed behind me I heard them laughing.

Deer Creek Lane is one of those swank streets in the suburbs. I found the house, a white brick Colonial with a big lawn flowing down to the sidewalk, and tapped gently with the bronze door knocker. Nothing happened, so in a minute I rapped again, harder. Still nothing happened. I was about to give up and leave when I thought I saw a curtain move at one of the windows. Was someone watching me? I rapped again and this time heard someone moving in the house. A man opened the door and stepped out.

He said, "Well?"

"I'm Patricia Evans," I told him. "From the *Press*. I talked to you on the phone about—about Taboo. I'm to interview him." I wondered why Mr. Cross hadn't gone away as he had said he was, but that was none of my business.

Mr. Cross looked puzzled. "Taboo? I'm afraid I don't understand."

It was my turn to look puzzled and I suppose I did. "Why," I told him. "We talked about it. Don't you remember, Mr. Cross? You said that you were going away and that it would be all right for me to come out and interview Elise and the skunk."

I suppose it *did* sound kind of funny, putting it that way, because the oddest expression settled on his face. I babbled on.

"But I'm glad you didn't go," I said. "I would much rather interview you than the skunk and Elise. That is, I mean after all, skunks can't talk."

Mr. Cross seemed to make up his mind suddenly. "Come in," he said. "Come in. I'm sorry to act so stupidly, but as I told you over the phone, I was going away when something came up. A business matter. I sent my wife on ahead and came back to clear matters up. I was just getting ready to leave when you knocked. But do come in." And he closed the door sharply behind me.

A horrid thought struck me. "You—you *are* Mr. Cross," I gasped. "Aren't you?"

He smiled as he led me into a large living room. "Oh, I'm Mr. Cross all right." He pointed to an overstuffed chair. "Just make yourself comfortable while I go up and finish some last minute packing. Then we can get on with the interview."

I relaxed. I was disappointed in Mr. Cross. He didn't look at all like his telephone voice. But where was the skunk, Taboo? I got down on my knees and peered beneath the sofa.

"Hummph . . ."

The sound was behind me. I was flat on my tummy, trying to see under the sofa, and I twisted around to see a pair of worn, low heeled shoes and two ankles in

thick cotton stockings.

"Hello," I said brightly, getting up and dusting my jeans. "I'm from the *Press*. You're Mrs. Cross, of course?"

"Oh, dear, no!" the woman said. She was about fifty with a tired, lined face. She kept twisting her hands around the handle of a large, covered market basket.

Her voice was thin and quavery. "I'm Elise," she explained. And if you're looking for Taboo, you won't find him because he is down in the basement where he belongs."

She smiled, a little mouse of a smile. "It's fun," she tittered. "Being interviewed when Mr. Cross is away."

Maybe my mouth hung open. I don't know.

"Away?" I squeaked. "Away? But then . . . who is that man who opened the door and said he was Mr. Cross? He went upstairs to finish packing."

She shook her head. "I don't understand. I went to the train with them and . . ." Her mouth stayed open but no words came out. She stared over my shoulder in the direction of the stairs.

Things happened in a whirl then. I turned and saw Mr. Cross coming toward us. Only now I knew it wasn't Mr. Cross.

Whoever he was, the expression on his face was ugly. He grabbed Elise and shoved both of us toward the rear of the house. In a moment he had us in the kitchen and was opening a door that led downward to the basement.

"Sorry," the man said. "But I'll have to lock you up. There are a few choice items yet to be packed for removal." His grip tightened on my arm. "Remember! Keep quiet and you won't be harmed."

My, but that basement was dark. Right away Elise groaned and fell over in a dead faint. Luckily she fell on some rolled up rugs, so I left her and started groping for a light switch. I had taken two steps when the soft thing rubbed against my leg.

I won't say I didn't scream. I did, a little one. Then I tried to get away from the thing. It came after me. Then I knew what it was. Taboo! The pet skunk.

I stumbled over a box and sat down. What a mess. Upstairs a burglar and downstairs a skunk!

"Taboo," I called softly. "Here Taboo. Nice, nice Taboo. Come here, sweet pretty Taboo."

"So you got a story!" barked the city editor, "—but NOT the one I sent you for!"

I felt a cold nose touch my hand. Then a furry body rubbed my jeans and I reached down and scratched an arched back. Taboo and I were now boon companions.

With Taboo nuzzling at my heels I started exploring again. In the cellar gloom I saw a faint bar of light streaming through a dirt smudged window. A window! If only I could squeeze out of that window. I'd show Mr. Trink who was a good reporter.

It was barred. "Golly," I groaned. "I'll never make it. Even Taboo couldn't squeeze through." Or could he?

The idea came all at once. The window looked onto the front of the house. People, including timid old ladies, I hoped, were constantly passing back and forth. I scooped Taboo into my arms. He made a little chuckling sound and poked his nose under my chin. In the dim light I got a glimpse of a fat body, a broad white stripe, and a pair of shiny black button eyes.

I said, "Out you go, Taboo. Go scare people. Lots of them. Scare the wits out of all the old ladies you can find, so they'll yell good and loud. And stop looking so darned friendly!"

Taboo didn't want to go. Once outside the bars he turned and started to squeeze back in. I poked him, hard. That did it. Taboo complained a bit, but he turned and waddled off toward the street. When he was out of sight I sat down and waited.

From above stairs came a series of heavy, thumping sounds, as though someone were lifting suitcases to see how heavy they were. Over in the corner Elise breathed heavily through her nose. I waited.

Out on the street someone screamed. "Good," I thought. "Taboo has found an old lady."

More screams. Taboo was doing a fine job. But upstairs a door slammed and I heard the rapid beat of footsteps on the front walk. The burglar was getting away. Then I heard another voice, deep and gruff, rising over the screams and the confusion.

"What's going on here?" asked the gruff voice. "Where did that beast come from, now? And you there, with the suitcases! Where might you be going in such a hurry? Come back here, you. Oh, trying to get away from the law, is it?" There followed sounds of a scuffle.

Soon I heard footsteps upstairs again. Heavy steps. Now it was my turn to scream and I gave out with a beauty. Next thing I knew the basement door opened and a policeman came downstairs. I explained rapidly and we took poor Elise upstairs and put cold towels on her head. Through the window I saw another officer putting "Mr. Cross" into a patrol wagon.

"You did a fine job," said the patrolman. "That was Slicky Higgins, one of the cleverest daylight burglars in the country. We've been after him for months. He always waited until he knew people were out of town, before entering a house. Bold as brass, he was. And successful, Miss, until you came along."

I went to the phone and called the city desk. They switched me to rewrite and I dictated my story over the phone to Dick Huddworth. It was a scoop for our paper, because by the time the burglar arrived at the police station and the regular police reporters were given the story, the *Press* would be on the streets. When I finished Dick said, "Gee, Patsy, that's a swell story. You were certainly on your toes. You're a newspaper gal, kid."

But any swelling my head might have done was reduced as soon as I talked to Mr. Trink. He barked at me, "Sure, it's a good story. But where is the one I sent you after? The *Queer Pets* feature. That was your assignment, remember?"

I felt like crying right there in front of Elise and Taboo. "I know," I faltered. "But Mr. Trink, I thought the other story was more important and . . ."

"Don't come back without the pet story," he barked.

I banged down the receiver. The policeman had gone. Elise sat watching me with Taboo curled up on her lap. He pawpoked her and she slapped him gently on his soft snout.

"Elise," I screeched. "Don't! After all we have been through and he's minded his manners—don't get him angry now!"

She looked blank. Then she tittered and said, "Oh, I thought you knew. Taboo was deodorized when he was just a baby!"

Now she was telling me. But in the same instant I got the idea. A lovely idea.

"Elise," I asked, pointing to the covered market basket on the table. "Can I borrow that basket and Taboo—for about an hour? I want to introduce him to my editor. I want to scare Mr. Trink a little."

Elise stared at me. "But I just told you. He—he can't . . ."

I smiled sweetly. "Mr. Trink doesn't know that. And I'm not going to tell him when I introduce Taboo."

Elise giggled. "It won't work."

But it did work. Mr. Trink calls me Patsy now...THE END.

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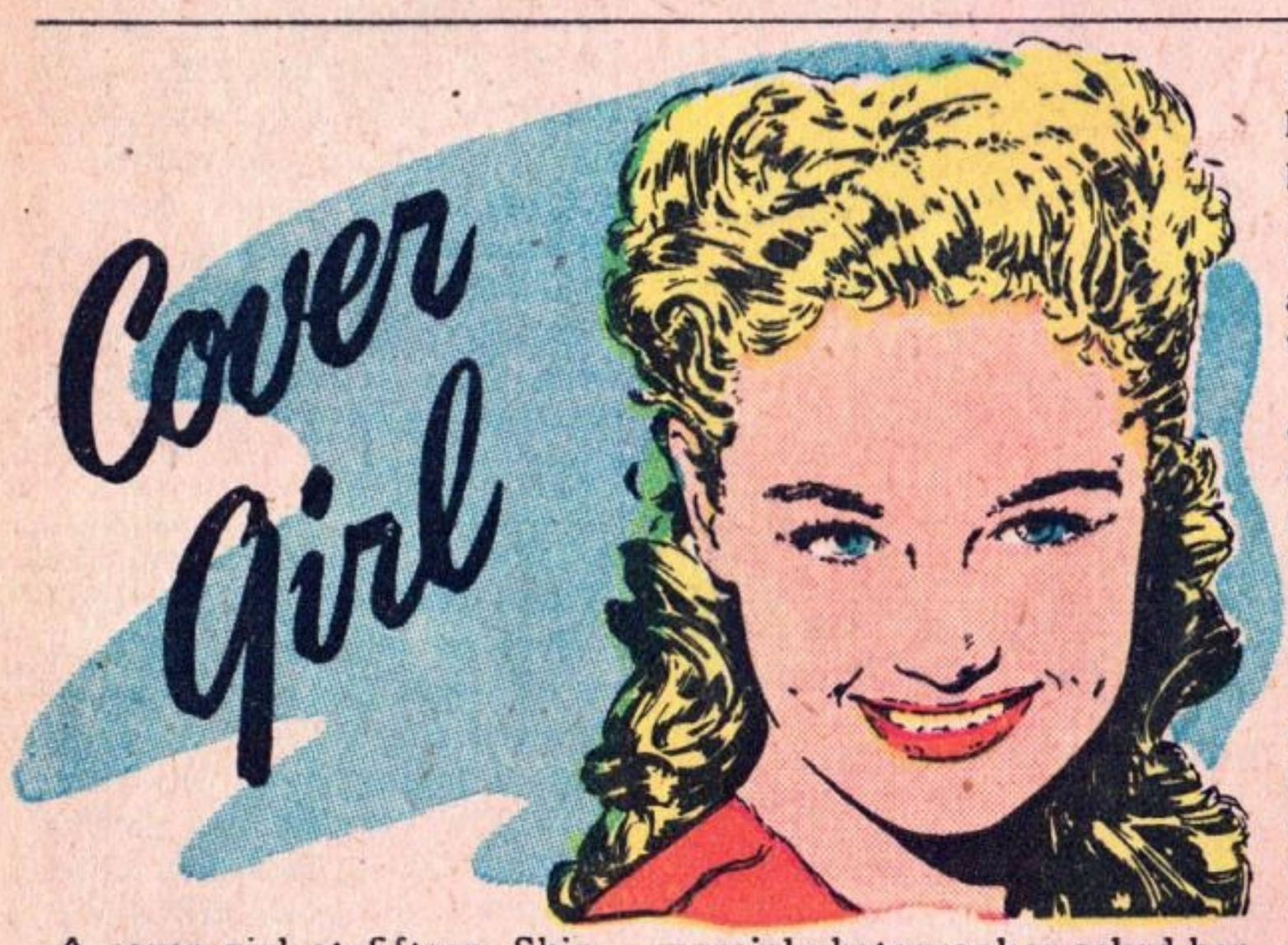


A cover girl at fifteen, Shirley Johns has captured the heart of every teen-ager! This petite miss was born on a farm near Ottumwa, Iowa and claims that she is still a country girl at heart. After moving to Long Beach, California, Shirley attended Lindberg High. She was a student there when a commercial photographer asked her to model for pictures. Just a year later she was on the cover of a leading national magazine —and almost immediately came an MGM contract, for alert talent scouts know Hollywood material when they see it.

Shirley is five feet, two and a half inches tall, weighs an even 100 pounds, and judging from her initial screen tests, is completely at ease before a motion picture camera. However, Shirley feels that, although movies are wonderful to be in, education is of utmost importance.

This vivacious, blond, blue-eyed starlet has two pets, one a duck named Donald who still remains on the Iowa farm and the other a Mexican hairless pup called Chi-Chi, which she received as a gift in Mexico.

A sports lover, Shirley plays tennis and badminton, rides horseback and cuts a good figure on skates. Writing poetry and short stories are her favorite hobbies. For recreation she prefers dancing. Her most cherished memory is of the farm back in Iowa, where Shirley hopes to return for a vacation. Appearing soon in "SUMMER HOLIDAY," an MGM production, Shirley Johns proves that she belongs high on the list of promising starlets—we'll ditto all that and a lot more!

# DIRINDA

SOMEBODY LENT DIRINDA A COPY OF "THE PIONEER LIFE"— AND SHE'S BEEN ROUGHING IT EVER SINCE..IN FACT, BY DIRINDA JONES' NEW STANDARDS, DANIEL BOONE WAS A SISSY!

IT WAS WORSE TODAY, DEAR. IT TOOK DIRINDA TWO HOURS TO FIND HER WAY HOME BY COMPASS.

STILL ROUGHING IT, EH? OH MY PIONEER GRANDMOTHER!

AND IN THE MEANWHILE...

THE MAGNIFYING GLASS WON'T WORK, AND THESE STICKS TAKE SO LONG! MATCHES ARE REALLY SIMPLER...

PIONEER LIFE

BRRRRING

PLEASE ANSWER THE DOOR FOR ME, MOTHER. I CAN'T LEAVE WHAT I'M DOING!

BRRRRRING

WE'RE GOING ON A CAMPING TRIP, MRS. JONES...

BY BICYCLE...

VISITING HOSTELS.

CAN DIRINDA COME TOO?

YOUR FRIENDS ARE GOING CAMPING, DIRINDA. LET'S SEE — YOU'LL NEED SANDWICHES AND...

CENTRAL

CAMPING? ALL I NEED IS MY BOOK!

YOU **TENDERFEET** CAN CARRY THINGS, BUT **I** WILL GO PIONEER STYLE!

GOLLY! DIRINDA'S OFF AGAIN!

AND SO THE TRIP BEGINS...

MY PACK MUST WEIGH A TON. MAYBE DIRINDA HAS THE RIGHT IDEA!

YEAH? JUST WAIT UNTIL SHE GETS HUNGRY!

PIONEER LIFE

WHERE'S DIRINDA NOW?

SHE STOPPED TO FIND SOME "EDIBLE, NON-TOXIC ROOTS" FOR LUNCH, SHE SAID.

IT'S LUNCH-TIME...

THESE WEENIES ARE ABOUT DONE NOW. WANT ONE, DIRINDA?

A FRANKFURTER? NO, THANK YOU! I HAVE A DELICIOUS **APIACEOUS ZIZIA AUREA** TO EAT!

JUST BEFORE DUSK...

WHEN DO WE REACH THE HOSTEL? I'M TIRED.

ME TOO!

SHELTER: PAGE TWENTY-THREE. THE BOOK SAYS-

1 MILE TO AMERICAN YOUTH HOSTELS

FIND A HIGH, GRASSY SPOT-AND LIGHT A FIRE, TO KEEP AWAY WILD ANIMALS.

WILD ANIMALS? HERE?

AMERICAN YOUTH HOSTEL

BOYS

GIRLS

INSIDE THE HOSTEL...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO SLEEP HERE, MISS?

NO, MA'AM. BUT WHERE CAN I FIND SOME SPRUCE BOUGHS? I'M EXPERIMENTING WITH THE PIONEER LIFE!

BED AND BLANKETS 25¢

PIONEER LIFE

I... HOPE... I... FINISH... THIS... BEFORE... DAWN! (YAWN!)

SLEEP WELL, DIRINDA?

GEE-I SLEPT LIKE A LOG!

SLEEP? IS IT MORNING ALREADY? (YAWN.)

ON THE ROAD AGAIN...

SAY—LET'S TAKE THE ROAD THAT GOES THROUGH THE WOODS!

AND IF WE MEET ANY NATIVES OR CANNIBALS, I KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO!

OH, DIRINDA!

OOOOH... I'M SCARED! LET'S GO BACK.

IT'S JUST AN OWL. OWLS SLEEP BY DAY AND NEVER BOTHER ANYONE!

WHOOOO

THEN SUDDENLY...

IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN!

IT MAY PASS OVER—SUMMER SQUALL, YOU KNOW.

OH, DIRINDA! YOU'RE SO **TECHNICAL**!

ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX IT SAYS, "PREPARE FOR STORM IN GOOD WEATHER. SEEK SHELTER BEFORE YOU NEED IT."

TREES ATTRACT LIGHTNING. LET'S LOOK FOR A CAVE OR SOMETHING.

WE'RE WASTING TIME! WE **COULD** BE RIDING TO THE NEXT HOSTEL ON OUR MAP!

OH, DIRINDA!

SUDDENLY...

HEY! YOU KIDS CRAZY? STORM COMIN'!!

THANK YOU FOR TELLING US, SIR. I'M SURE MY BOOK IS ADEQUATE FOR THIS SITUATION.

MY LAND!

WITHOUT WARNING, LIGHTNING KNIFES ACROSS THE SKY AND...

WE'LL BE SOAKED!

NOBODY HAS A RAINCOAT!

WHAT'LL WE DO?

BE CALM, EVERYBODY. "THE PIONEER LIFE" COVERS EVERY EMERGENCY!

PIONEER LIFE

DIRINDA! HAVEN'T WE ENOUGH TROUBLE? DO YOU HAVE TO **TRY** TO GET LOST?

DON'T WORRY, TOMMY. I'M LOOKING FOR A DRY SPOT. RAIN FALLS AT AN ANGLE, AND MAY NOT HIT SOME PARTS OF THE FOREST.

OH...HERE'S DRY MOSS. **OH!** A BLAZE MARK ON THE TREE! LET'S SEE WHAT THE BOOK SAYS...

IT'S A TRAIL. WE'LL FOLLOW IT. TOMMY! EDNA! COME BACK!

YOU CAN GO HUNTING, POCAHONTAS. WE'RE GOING TO FIND US A ROOF!

THESE TRAIL MARKS **ARE** GOING SOMEPLACE!

IT WORKED! THERE'S AN OLD FISHING SHACK!

GOSH...DIRINDA, I'D LIKE TO READ YOUR PIONEER BOOK!

YOU'RE WONDERFUL, DIRINDA. HAVE ANOTHER SANDWICH.

UMM... IT **IS** BETTER THAN ROOTS AND BERRIES, EDNA.

WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THIS SHACK WITHOUT YOU, DIRINDA.

THAT MONDAY AT SCHOOL...

I HEAR YOU ALL WENT CAMPING! WAS IT ROUGH? YOU LOOK WORN OUT!

WE ARE. ALL BUT DIRINDA, MISS KING. SHE WENT PIONEER STYLE...THE HARD WAY... BUT **WE'RE** ALL CHARLEY-HORSE TODAY!

HISTOR

OH DEAR! DARE I TELL THEM THAT SHACK WAS A SURPRISE TO ME TOO??

# OUT OF MY HATBOX

By CANDY JONES

Author of the Beauty and Fashion Primer "How To Make Your Name In Modeling"

Dear Sweet Sixteeners,

My hatbox has been open for several weeks now, filling up with your nice letters. Was I delighted that so many of you wrote to me! I read them all, picked several which seemed especially interesting to many of you, and I do hope I can answer your questions helpfully!

*Trenton*

*Dear Candy,*

*My greatest ambition is to become a model. Is there anything I could do here at home before I come to New York that would help me? I know the trick of walking around the room with a book on my head—what else is there?*

*Dana R.*

Dear Dana,

There are many things you can do right at home and in school, before you attempt modeling in N. Y. First of all, take full advantage of your school gym classes. At home, read the better fashion magazines and absorb the written features on beauty, fashion and charm. Study the pictorial ads, noting everything about the models' pose, hair style, expression and clothes. The leading newspapers and magazines are staffed by beauty experts who constantly pass on their wealth of information and advice to you—which adds up to a million dollar self-improvement course for only a few cents. For years, I have kept scrapbooks on beauty and fashion articles and pictures that I have cut out of newspapers and magazines, and to which I refer quite often.

*Terre Haute*

*Dear Candy,*

*I am a big girl—just plain big, and that's my problem. I'm 16 years old, too tall and too heavy. I would like to know how to improve my posture and lose some weight. I bite my fingernails because I am nervous about my appearance. In school I have lots of girl-friends but the boys very seldom ask me out. How can I overcome these things and be more popular?*

*Barbara R.*

Dear Barbara,

Don't feel too blue, for you are not alone with your problem. First of all, improving your posture will do a lot to give the illusion that you have already lost some weight. One of the easiest ways in the world to create good posture is this: pretend that a taut string has been attached from the ceiling to your breast bone and take a deep breath. Automatically your chest will lift, your back will straighten, your tummy will pull up and a well fitting girdle will take care of your fanny. Practice this daily and soon it will develop into a good habit. You already know that all those gooey sundaes, wonderful creamy candy and even soft drinks are taboo when you are trying to lose weight. Supplement fruit juices, milk or plain water when you feel thirsty. Good old fashioned will-power should stop you from chewing your nails—but if you can't defeat this habit, wear a pair of cotton gloves while you're in your home. After a few nibbles on the fingers, your problem will fade away—but don't blame me for the taste. Take special care of your skin. Be proud to be you and your social life will improve.

*Kansas City*

*Dear Candy,*

*I am 15 years old and have one year more of high school. But that's not my problem, 'cause I like school. My face is long and very thin and my features seem to get lost in it. I eat a lot and I'm not skinny any other place. My hair is very thick and long. I wear it combed softly around my face. Please pull an answer out of your hatbox telling me how I can wear it to make my face appear fuller.*

*June*

*P.S. An upsweep makes me look like a pin head!*

Dear June,

To make your face look fuller, try combing your hair smoothly back from your face, clipping it at the nape of your neck with a barette. The further you get your hair from around your face, the fuller it will appear. If your forehead is high you might try pert, full bangs. In the evening, to dress it up, clip a flower or a bow in the back. P.S. Guaranteed no "pin head results"!!

Send those questions in, girls! Address them to CANDY JONES, SWEET SIXTEEN MAGAZINE, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

# Roommates

By EMMA MAE VICKREY

**Just TRY to be sweet and gay— with a lemon for a roommate!**

JO was a bit bewildered as she stood in her new room at Briar Lane School. Her new bags and new trunk surrounded her. Her new roommate was distant, but polite. Jo felt like sobbing for the sight of some old familiar thing.

"My name is Annabelle Dorothea Hopkinson," the new roommate told Jo. "I prefer being called by both of my names. Your closet is the one nearest the wall. Your bed is that one."

"Thank you," Jo said with slightly wavering voice. "My name is Josephine Hammond. Won't you call me Jo? That's what my best friends call me."

"No," Annabelle Dorothea said haughtily, raising her eyebrows. "I detest nicknames. They are vulgar and common."

Josephine felt as if she were descending the Empire State Building in one rapid drop. She took off her hat and coat and put them on the bed.

Annabelle Dorothea snatched them up quickly, slipped a hanger into the coat and put both in Jo's closet. "Please do not get into the habit of dropping your things all over the place. There is a convenient place for everything."

Jo was getting hotter and hotter, which meant she was forgetting her homesickness as her anger was rising. Never in all her sixteen years had she met so disagreeable a girl. This roommate evidently considered herself a paragon of virtue.

"Well," Jo thought to herself as she tossed her sleek black head in resentment, "she has another guess if she thinks I'll obey her like a trained seal."

Annabelle Dorothea bent over to unlock the nearest suitcase. Jo stopped her sharply, "I prefer unpacking myself."

Annabelle Dorothea shrugged her shoulders and sat on the edge of her bed watching Jo's every move. Impolite! Curious! Disconcerting! Bad manners! Jo exploded, "I thought you didn't want things strewn all over the room. Why do you sit on the bed?"

"Such impertinence!" exclaimed Annabelle Dorothea as she drew herself up to her full height of five feet seven and affected a dignified exit.

What a way to start a new life away at school! Jo was sorry instantly for her impetuous outburst. She worked fast

to get all of her clothes put away before her roommate could return. In the bottom tray of her trunk were all the gifts that thoughtful and loving friends and relatives had given her to make her room more homelike—indirect reading lamp, modernistic book ends, six beautiful and well-chosen pictures, and an electric clock. She sighed as she took them out and wondered what her roommate would have to say about their disturbing the monastic severity of the room.

A bell rang twice, and Annabelle Dorothea came back to dress for dinner.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper," Jo apologized.

"Yes, it was a rather nasty display!" the roommate dismissed the subject perversely. "Let me see your dinner dresses and I will tell you which one to wear tonight."

"My nurse was discharged when I was six years old!" Jo blazed again. "I'll choose for myself, thank you!"

Both girls dressed in silence. Jo was sorry again, but she was afraid to risk saying so. As she dressed, she slyly watched her new roommate. She did not look at all like the sort of girl who would be difficult to get along with. She had lovely rich red brown hair, smooth soft skin, and her eyes were kind as she looked into the mirror to powder her pert nose. Why couldn't she be agreeable? Jo then looked at her own reflection to see if the fault lay there. Her mouth turned up at the corners. Her brown eyes were honest and sincere. Jo wrinkled her forehead in doubt as she observed her profile.

"I'll show you where your table is," Annabelle Dorothea said in an aloof manner as she closed the door. Two girls next door came out into the hall at the same time. One was short, dark, with open and inquiring eyes. The other was tall with straight golden hair that might have been pretty if it had been attractively combed. She wore forbidding looking dark horn-rimmed glasses.

Jo's eyes met those of her short, dark neighbor. Interest sparked immediately.

"Are you new?" Jo asked.

"Yes, are you? My name is Katherine Lacey. Call me Kate."

It was good to talk to a congenial person. Jo was relieved when she learned she did not have to be at the same table with her roommate. Eating would be most unpleasant in Annabelle Dorothea's company. Katherine sat on one side of Jo and another new girl by the name of Laura sat on the other.

"I have the sweetest roommate," Laura thrilled. The other two girls were silent. Then after a few more questions, they broke out with the truth. The three girls talked very low so they would not be overheard. Jo learned that Kate's roommate acted as if she did not know Kate existed.

"But that's much better than *my* roommate!" exclaimed Jo. "She minds *all* my business. How I wish we could room together, Kate!"

"So do I!" Kate fervently seconded the idea. "And soon!"

As they were leaving the dining room, Jo overheard the history teacher say to Gaye, Kate's roommate, "What in the world have you done to your hair? And when did you start wearing glasses?"

"Why," Gaye was plainly at a loss for the proper explanation. "Today."

Jo and Kate became the best of friends. Jo was the one who was always escaping from "The Dragon," her nickname for Annabelle Dorothea. Gaye was not the bothersome kind, just one of those eternal grinds who lives in the past. Her name was a joke to Jo and Kate—what a happy name for such a solemn and unsociable creature!

Kate and Jo discussed secretly how they could get rid of their roommates and room with each other. They decided to center their attention on Jo's roommate. If only she would show some weak point and not be so superior! That might be a solution to their problem.

One afternoon, Kate came running down the corridor to meet Jo. "Get a mouse-trap right away," she said breathlessly. "I met Annabelle Dorothea coming down the hall. An innocent little mouse ran in front of her. You should have seen her jump and scream!"

"You mean," Jo was getting the idea, but Kate shook her head up and down and interrupted, "Be prepared. If a mouse *should* stray into your room, you could catch it."

"I could even invite it with some cheese bait," Jo laughed.


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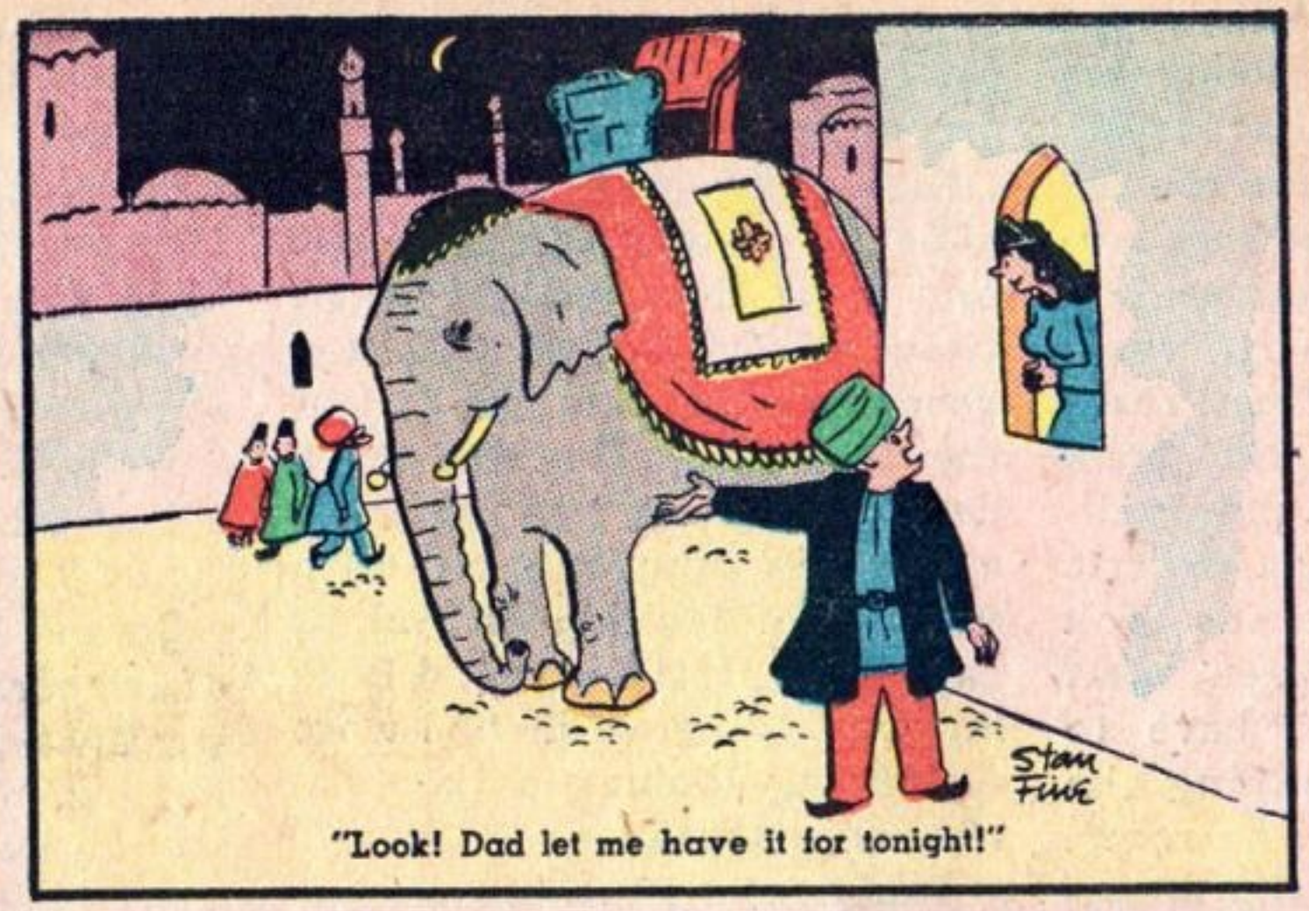

"Look! Dad let me have it for tonight!"

So down to the basement they went to look for Moore, the janitor, and get the trap that would put "The Dragon" in a moving mood.

When Annabelle Dorothea came into her room late in the afternoon, she saw a trap beside her desk and one beside Jo's.

"What are you doing with these traps?" she asked.

"Kate saw a mouse run down the hall," Jo explained, "and I just thought I'd be prepared."

"Mice in here?" Annabelle Dorothea shivered sociably. "I'm dreadfully afraid of them."

Three mornings passed without any rodent visitors. Jo was discouraged; but the fourth brought success.

When the rising bell rang, Annabelle jumped out of bed, only to jump back twice as quickly. "Josephine, Josephine! Look! There's a mouse in the trap! Oh, I just can't live in this room!"

Jo's heart beat a pean of joy. When Annabelle went to see Miss Carnes, Jo ran next door to see Kate and get her to offer her room.

Miss Carnes, a violent hater of mice herself, saw a great deal of reason why Annabelle should change her room. She praised Kate for offering her room. Everything was arranged.

Gaye helped her roommate move next door. When the four girls were in Jo's room, Jo broke the long strained silence of exchanging rooms. "Annabelle Dorothea, I want to tell you something."

"For goodness sake, don't call me that long name. Anne is enough."

Jo could scarcely believe her ears. "It's like this," and then she told every word of her plan to run her out of their room.

Gaye took off her glasses, pulled a couple of bobby pins out of her hair and shouted. Something was very funny, for "The Dragon" wasn't a dragon any more, but a real person laughing until tears came.

"Look here, Jo," Anne said, "I think we have a confession to make, too. Gaye and I planned to make our roommates so sick of us they would want to move. I decided to be overbearing; Gaye, retiring and unattractive." Anne had to take time out to appreciate what had actually happened.

Anne went on to explain. "We have wanted to room together ever since we came here. But, no, the powers-that-be thought we would not be good for each other. We wouldn't get any studying done, so they separated us. This is our last year, and we were desperate."

"Please, Jo, don't hate us," Anne pleaded. "It wasn't you. It was anyone we would room with. I almost broke down several times. I'm sorry for all the mean things I had to do!"

Jo and Kate were beginning to see the comedy of it all. "I call it the *Comedy of Errors*," Jo laughed. "Everybody happy?"

All four answered "Yes" in unison.

"Look here, Jo," Anne's eyes sparkled, "how about our staying roommates? Gaye and Kate will be next door. It isn't as if we were in another house."

Anne's suggestion proved her sincerity, and Jo was pleased. But she realized how much Anne and Gaye were counting on rooming together. "You are sweet, Anne, to suggest it. If you had two more years here, I would take one of them for myself. As you say, we shall be next door to each other. What means the most to me is that we are friends."

"Then, let's celebrate," Gaye suggested. "I'm sick and tired of slicking my hair back like a fuddy-duddy. Let's all be roommates—over a plate of ice cream at the Sugar Bowl!"—*The End.*

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# ICE QUEEN

A TRUE COMIC

MEET LOVELY BARBARA ANN SCOTT, WORLD'S CHAMPION FIGURE SKATER AND A TYPICAL TEEN-AGER.

1

BARBARA, WAS BORN IN OTTAWA, CANADA, WHERE HER FATHER WAS SECRETARY TO A CABINET OFFICIAL. ALL HER LIFE SHE, HAS LOVED THE ICE AND AT SEVEN COULD COMPETE WITH ANYBODY AS A FIGURE SKATER.

2

AT ELEVEN, SHE WON THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA, IN THE FIGURE-SKATING CLASS. AT FIFTEEN, SHE WAS SENIOR CANADIAN CHAMPION. FOR TWO YEARS AFTER THAT SHE KEPT THE TITLE FROM CHALLENGERS.

3

LAST YEAR, BARBARA WAS VOTED OUTSTANDING SPORTS FIGURE OF THE YEAR. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME CANADA CHOSE A GIRL FOR THAT HONOR.

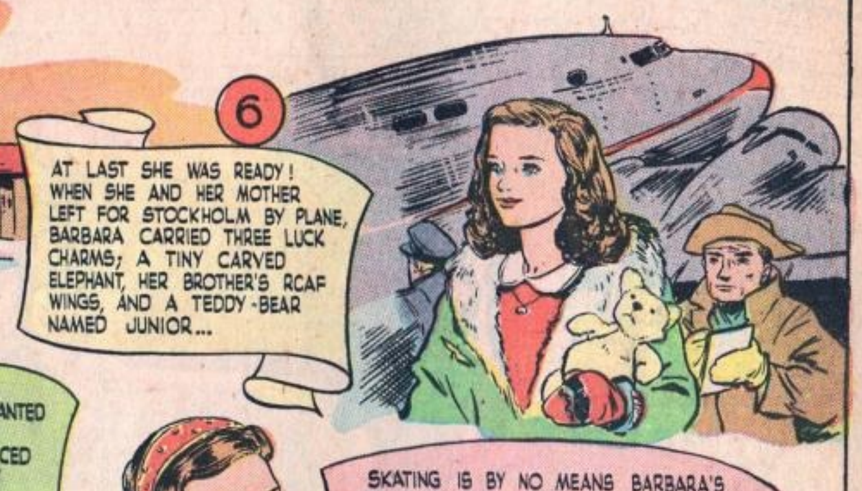
4

BUT BARBARA'S AMBITION WENT FURTHER THAN CANADA. SHE WANTED TO BE WORLD CHAMPION! TO ACHIEVE THIS GOAL, SHE PRACTICED EIGHT GRUELLING HOURS A DAY FOR SEVERAL MONTHS ON THE POND BEHIND HER HOME.

5

IN STOCKHOLM'S OSTERMAN STADIUM, BARBARA'S DREAM CAME TRUE! AN ENTHUSIASTIC SWEDEN ACCLAIMED HER QUEEN OF THE ICE. NOW BARBARA DREAMS OF THE 1948 OLYMPICS.

7



AT LAST SHE WAS READY! WHEN SHE AND HER MOTHER LEFT FOR STOCKHOLM BY PLANE, BARBARA CARRIED THREE LUCK CHARMS; A TINY CARVED ELEPHANT, HER BROTHER'S RCAF WINGS, AND A TEDDY-BEAR NAMED JUNIOR...

6

SKATING IS BY NO MEANS BARBARA'S ONLY TALENT. SHE'S A REGULAR ALL-AROUND GIRL-ADORES PARTIES, LOVES TO SWIM, RIDES A HORSE, AND PILOTS AN AIRPLANE!

8



IF YOU WERE TO ASK BARBARA ANN SCOTT FOR THE SECRET OF HER SUCCESS, SHE MIGHT LAUGH. BUT SKATERS THE WORLD OVER WILL TELL YOU SHE HAS TWO INGREDIENTS FOR CHAMPIONSHIP-NATURAL ABILITY AND UNSWERVING PERSEVERANCE!

9

# DOROTHY DARE

## "QUEEN OF HOLLYWOOD STUNT ARTISTS"

WHEN A SCENE IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR THE STAR, HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE STUNT GIRL, DOROTHY DARE, TAKES OVER. NOW DOROTHY IS FINISHING HER STUNTS IN THE WORLD PICTURES' CHILLER MYSTERY "HAUNTED LIVES" AND...

THIS IS THE END! POSITIVELY THE **END**!

BUT DOROTHY! WE'RE SHOOTING THE SEQUEL IN NEW YORK... STARTING TOMORROW!

YOU PROMISED ME A VACATION! I'M TAKING A REST... ON A CAMPING TRIP!

THE SEQUEL'S A CONEY ISLAND STORY... FULL OF FERRIS WHEELS, BARREL OF FUN AND...

ALL RIGHT... YOU WIN! YOU **KNOW** I'VE BEEN DYING TO SEE CONEY ISLAND. I'LL TAKE A VACATION SOME OTHER TIME.

YOU'RE **VERY** CLEVER, MR. MAXWELL! OH WELL, JUST BEING IN CONEY ISLAND WILL BE A CHANGE!

IT'S JUST EASY STUNTING, DOROTHY...JUMPING FROM THE FERRIS WHEEL, GETTING CAUGHT IN THE ROLLER COASTER...

DO NOT MOVE PROPERTY

SO LONG, DOROTHY. HERE'S YOUR PLANE TICKET AND EXPENSE MONEY.

OH THANK YOU, MR. MAXWELL! SEE YOU IN NEW YORK!

PROJECTION ROOM

AUTOGRAPH, MISS DARE? AND HOW DO YOU GET TO BE A STUNTGIRL?

ANY LIVE PEDESTRIAN **IS** ONE OUT HERE!

BRIGHT AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

BYE, MOM. BYE, DADDY! I'LL WRITE!

OH DEAR, SOMETIMES, WISH YOU WEREN'T SO... SO STRENUOUS, DOROTHY!

YOUR FIRST FLIGHT, MISS DARE?

WELL, YES AND NO, STEWARDESS. I'VE NEVER EXACTLY BEEN **IN** A PLANE BEFORE!

ER... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

I USUALLY HANG FROM THE TAIL OR BALANCE ON A WING.

HUH?

NOW, NOW, MISS, TAKE IT EASY.

OH STEWARDESS! I'M NOT CRAZY! I'M A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL!

RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, THE PLANE CIRCLES OVER NEW YORK CITY...

WHY... THE CITY'S SO **BIG**... BIGGER THAN ANYTHING IN MOVIES!

OH... HELLO! I DIDN'T EXPECT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

HOLD IT, MISS DARE!

WORLD PICTURES MADE SURE VALUABLE PROPERTY LIKE YOU WOULD HIT THE HEADLINES!

AND... A FEW MINUTES LATER...

BUT I WANT TO **SEE** NEW YORK!

**AFTER** WE SHOOT THE PICTURE, MR. MAXWELL SAID!

POLO GR

TRI-BORO BRIDGE

NEW YORK

WORLD PICTURES

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY PICTURE SHOOTING BEGINS...

I CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE PLACE BETWEEN SHOTS.

HAUNTED LIVES

WE'LL FILM THE STUNTING FIRST. DOROTHY, YOU'RE RIDING THE MERRY-GO-ROUND, WHEN THE VILLAIN REACHES FOR YOU.

YES. THEN HE CHASES ME, KNIFE IN HAND, THROUGH THE AMUSEMENT PARK, AND THE BARREL OF FUN. OH, I'LL ENJOY THIS!

CAMERA!!

ACTION!

THIS IS FUN!! I LIKE MAKING MYSTERY PICTURES IN A BACKGROUND LIKE THIS!

AND THE PLOT PROCEEDS AS THE CAMERA GRINDS ON...

CAREFUL, DOROTHY. DON'T HURT YOURSELF!

CHARLIE, ARE YOU **SURE** THAT KNIFE IS RUBBER?

HELP HELP! HURRY, CHARLES! CATCH ME!

WHEW! TAKE IT EASY! IT'S GOOD THEY MAKE THE SOUND TRACK SEPARATELY! SUPPOSE AN AUDIENCE HEARD US TALKING THIS WAY!

CRAZY HOUSE

CUT! HOLD ON, DOROTHY! DON'T START CLIMBING THE PARACHUTE TOWER UNTIL THE VILLAIN ALMOST HAS YOU IN HIS CLUTCHES!

IF MOVIE AUDIENCES EVER SAW WHAT WENT ON **BEHIND** THE FILMING.....! WE COULD ALMOST SELL THIS AS A COMEDY INSTEAD OF A MURDER!

OKAY! NOW FIGHT FOR THE KNIFE BUT DON'T KILL YOURSELVES!

HOW LOVELY! I CAN SEE SO FAR FROM HERE!

DOROTHY... **DOROTHY**!

HOLD ON, CHARLES!

F-FEEL DIZZY... C-CAN'T...

DOROTHY, CAN YOU HOLD ON? WE'LL LOWER THE CHUTE TO YOU!

ONE MORE BUCKLE... NOW LET'ER GO!

CALL A DOCTOR!

GOSH, PICTURE MAKING TAKES IN EVERYTHING ALMOST, DOESN'T IT??

THE NEXT DAY...

CHARLES WILL BE UP IN A DAY OR TWO. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GETTING YOUR SIGHTSEEING IN ANYHOW. WHERE **DO** YOU GET ALL THAT ENERGY?

AFTER STUNTING, **ANYTHING'S** SIMPLE!

A Sweet Sixteen Mysteryette

By Jill Haynes

# PENNY'S PREDICAMENT

PENNY'S problem was money. Pure and simple. She didn't have any and she needed some, and that was all there was to it. Mom and Daddy were reasonable and sweet about allowance money, and Penny felt that she just couldn't ask for more, especially for something she just wanted, but didn't really need.

The mouton jacket in the Bon Ton window started it. When Penny saw it, it was love at first sight, and when she tried it on, the mouton just naturally fitted as though it were made for her. It was a mark-down, the salesgirl told her, and a real bargain. Penny guessed she could earn the money, if the store agreed to hold the jacket on a small deposit.

She had scanned the jobs listed in the morning paper. There were three that interested her. One was a counter selling job at the Bon Ton. If she worked there part time, after school, she could get the employee's reduction on store merchandise. That would simplify matters concerning the mouton jacket. But . . . the hours definitely conflicted with Penny's recreation time. It also meant Thursday nights, when she acted as assistant leader to the Junior Jaybelles Girls' Club. Penny was a great one for clubs, community activity and socials.

The second job on Penny's mind was much more glamorous. Ad Lee, the most prominent photographer in town was advertising for a teen-age model. To be chosen by him meant all kinds of publicity, and the possibility of a wonderful modeling career. Without any conceit, Penny knew she'd have little trouble qualifying for that job. She was slim, pert-faced, with green eyes that were startling in their darkness against her milky skin. Her hair was jet-black, framing her face in a short feather bob. Any girl in town would be happy to pose for Ad Lee, and to go on the interesting tours he arranged for his models. Besides, Penny loved to meet people . . . and a model certainly gets around! It would mean being away a great deal, though, and Penny was sure she'd miss her happy home too much.

Because she loved small children, Penny also considered a part time job at a nursery school, operated by a factory in town, for the care of the youngsters of working mothers. Penny wasn't too familiar with the conditions, or the hours, but she was certain the salary wouldn't be too impressive. However, she decided to look into it, anyhow, for it might be the experience she needed for a career in social work, if she should decide on that, as she had been thinking of doing for several months.

So . . . she went to be interviewed for the three jobs. Each of the prospective employers was pleased with her; each offered her the job. But Penny couldn't make up her mind which to take. All through dinner that evening she thought about the problem, and by the time she went to bed she still hadn't come to a decision. When she had decided on one job, the merits of the other two would make her change her mind. Then she'd be sure she had chosen another, when suddenly that job developed major drawbacks. And all through the pattern of her thoughts ran a picture of the mouton coat. She tossed about in her bed for a time, then suddenly . . . she had the answer! The problem had simply solved itself! The next day Penny reported at the job she had chosen.

If you were Penny Ames, which job would you have chosen . . . and why? Try to guess. If you can't, turn to the last page of the book for the answer to PENNY'S PREDICAMENT.

# Guy Madison

A TRUE COMIC

IT TOOK ONLY A THREE MINUTE SCENE IN "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY" TO MAKE GUY MADISON THE TALK OF MOVIE TOWN!

WHILE IN THE NAVY, STATIONED AT SAN DIEGO, GUY WOULD HITCH-HIKE INTO LOS ANGELES ON WEEK-ENDS. ONE SUNDAY...

TICKETS, PLEASE.

A TERRIFIC SHOW AND NO TICKET! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING FAST.

BUT LADY LUCK WAS WITH GUY, FOR A WOMAN GAVE HIM AN EXTRA TICKET AND---

BY THE WAY, I KNOW A TALENT SCOUT WHO MAY BE INTERESTED IN YOU!

THIS CHANCE MEETING RESULTED IN THE TINY PART IN "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY." AND THEN—

YOU'RE CO-STARRING WITH SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN "HONEYMOON." FOR R.K.O.

GOLLY! I—I... THAT'S TERRIFIC!

SUCCESS IS LIKE A DREAM FOR GUY, WHO WAS BORN IN BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA ON JANUARY 19, 1922, ONE OF SIX CHILDREN.

WHEN HE WAS 8 YEARS OLD GUY WAS VERY ILL, AND HAD TO BE SENT TO A MOUNTAIN RESORT TO RECUPERATE. HERE HE DEVELOPED A LOVE FOR THE WATER.

THAT'S BETTER! KEEP THOSE LEGS STRAIGHT!

HE GREW INTO A SOLID, HUSKY TEEN-AGER, WORKING IN THE ORANGE ORCHARDS DURING THE SUMMERS, WHEN HE WAS NOT ATTENDING BAKERSFIELD HIGH OR JUNIOR COLLEGE.

WHEN HE LEFT SCHOOL, GUY WORKED FOR A YEAR AS A TELEPHONE LINEMAN TO EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO PURCHASE A FISHING BOAT.

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE A FISH NOW, INSTEAD OF BAKING UP HERE!

IN OCTOBER 1942, HE ENLISTED IN THE NAVY. HIS NAVAL ASSIGNMENT WAS NOT SEA DUTY, BUT TEACHING THE "BOOTS" AT SAN DIEGO HOW TO SWIM!

OKAY, FELLOWS, NOW THAT YOU HAVE THE FUNDAMENTALS OF UNDERWATER SWIMMING, GO TO IT!

6 FEET TALL, 180 POUNDS, BLOND HAIR, HAZEL EYES — HOLLYWOOD'S DREAM BEAU — GUY IS STILL BEWILDERED BY HIS METEORIC RISE TO STARDOM, BUT HIS FANS AREN'T! NEITHER IS THE WOMAN WHO GAVE HIM THAT RADIO TICKET.... FOR SHE IS HELEN AINSWORTH, WHO IS NOW HIS AGENT!

# 'TWEENERS *

by Edmund Jannace

YOU KNOW THAT NEW BOY YOU'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET, DEAR?...

AND ANOTHER THING... I NEVER KNOW WHETHER YOU'RE GOING TO SPEAK OR BARK!

I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO PROVE TO THIS AUGUST ASSEMBLY THAT MY LEARNED AND ELOQUENT OPPONENT IS JUST FLAPPING HER GUMS.

BUT ERMINTRUDE, ARE YOU SURE THAT'S WHAT A BABY SITTER DOES?

* OUR SPECIAL NAME FOR GIRLS BETWEEN PIG-TAIL AND SUB-DEB AGE.

# Dollar pullers

"Frankness may be fine, but I think a woman's greatest weapon is an air of mystery about herself!"

Young Man to Sweetheart: How can I ever leave you?

Tired Father (from next room): Bus No. 75, Train No. 40, or any taxicab.

DEE DOWNING, Wyandotte, Mich.

Joe: Can you punctuate this sentence? "I saw a five dollar bill blowing around the corner."

Moe: I'm no good in English. You know that.

Joe: It's easy. You just make a dash after the five dollar bill.

PATSY McQUADE, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Valet (to master): Sir, your car is at the door.

Master: Yes, I hear it knocking.

EVA CONLIN, Newburgh, N. Y.

Little Sister: Would you say figerator, or figidaire?

Big Brother: If I couldn't talk any better than that, I'd say ice-box!

MARIAN SCRIVEN, Palisade, Neb.

Policeman: Say, Mister, you can't park here.

Driver: Why not?

Policeman: Well, can't you read that sign?

Driver: Certainly. It says: "Fine For Parking." That's why I want to park here!

BONNIE MOYER, Westernville, N. Y.

Man: It says here that the Statue of Liberty's hand is eleven inches long.

Soldier: Of course. If it were one inch longer it would be a foot!

JEAN ROLKO, Detroit, Mich.

"Her friend wants to know what kind of a boy you are . . . shall I tell her?

The little boy greeted his father with the news that he had sold his dog for $10,000. The father exclaimed and asked to see the money.

"Well, Dad," the boy replied, "I didn't exactly get cash. I just got two $5,000 cats!"

DOLORES MADISON, Schenectady, N. Y.

Jane: I hear your little brother got F in history.

Louise: It wasn't his fault. The teacher asked him about things before he was born.

CONSTANCE E. GRAY, Sebago Lake, Me.

# SLICK CHICKS

by STOOKIE ALLEN

## Business Belles

Rachel Burbank

TINY CHRISTINE LEWIS HAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT JOBS IN THE U.N. SET UP. SHE SUPERVISES THE TELETYPE MACHINES THAT SEND THE OFFICIAL NEWS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

CHRISTINE GOT HER START AS A LITTLE GIRL HANGING AROUND THE OKLAHOMA CITY AIRPORT AND TINKERING WITH A TELETYPE MACHINE.

Christine Lewis

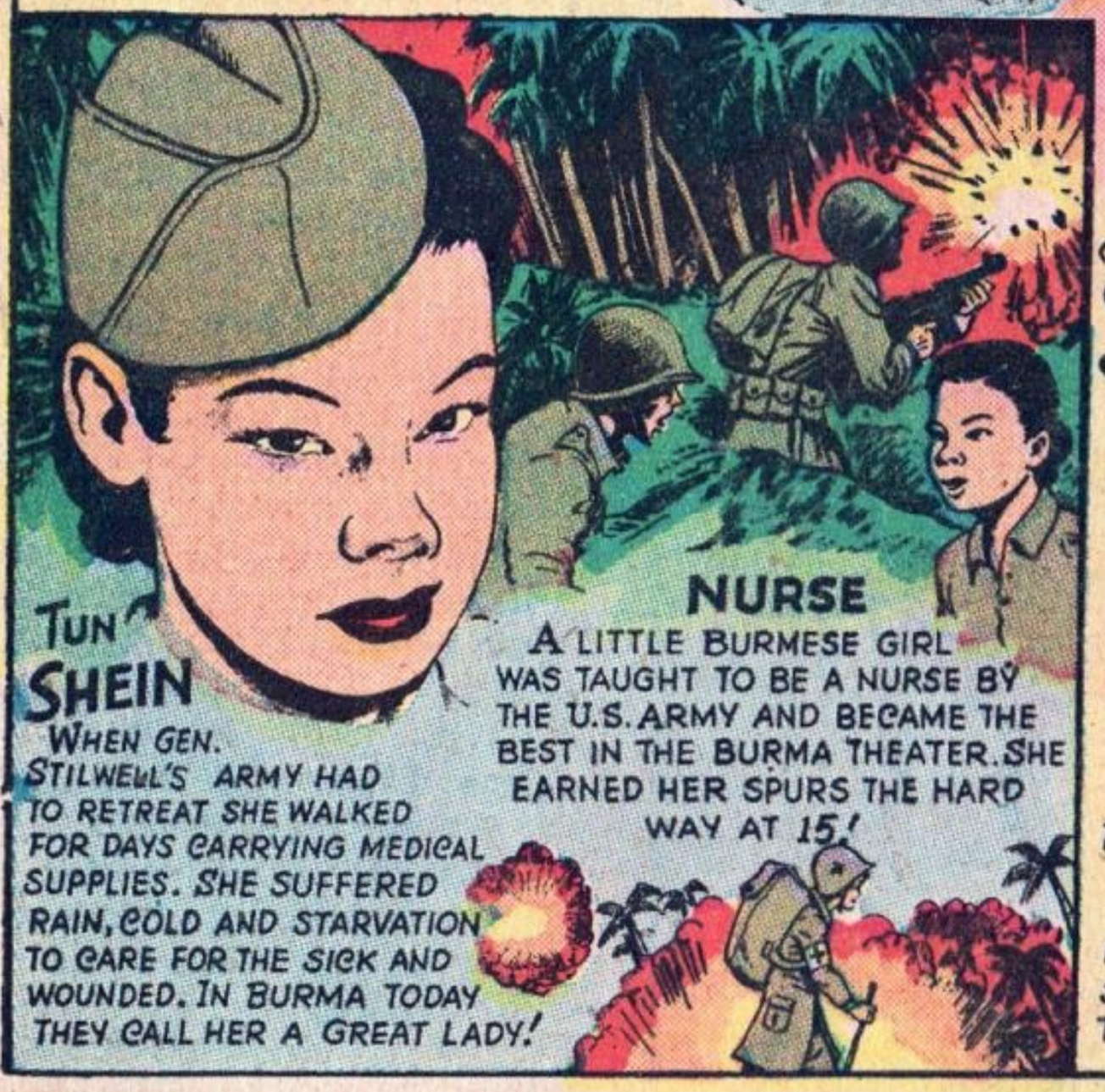
A 96-POUNDER!

WHEN HER DAD RETIRED, RACHEL TOOK OVER THE "ROCHESTER (N.H.) OBSERVER." WITH THE HELP OF ONE TYPE-SETTER SHE GETS OUT THE ENTIRE PAPER!

SHE WRITES ARTICLES, PROOF-READS COPY, TAKES PHOTOGRAPHS AND EVEN DELIVERS THE PAPER!

Mary Scarne

PAGELAND, S.C.



TUN SHEIN

NURSE

A LITTLE BURMESE GIRL WAS TAUGHT TO BE A NURSE BY THE U.S. ARMY AND BECAME THE BEST IN THE BURMA THEATER. SHE EARNED HER SPURS THE HARD WAY AT 15!

WHEN GEN. STILWELL'S ARMY HAD TO RETREAT SHE WALKED FOR DAYS CARRYING MEDICAL SUPPLIES. SHE SUFFERED RAIN, COLD AND STARVATION TO CARE FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED. IN BURMA TODAY THEY CALL HER A GREAT LADY!

## PHOTOGRAPHER

ARRIVING IN NEW YORK A YEAR AGO MARY GOT A JOB SNAPPING PHOTOS IN A NIGHT CLUB. SHE LEARNED PHOTOGRAPHY AND SOON OPENED A STUDIO OF HER OWN.

RECENTLY, HER PHOTOS WON A $1,000 PRIZE IN A NATIONAL SHOW!

MARY GATHERED RAGWEED POLLEN PLANTS WHICH SHE SOLD FOR 10 CENTS A POUND TO GET THE FARE TO NEW YORK!

# the POOR FISH

Jane didn't exactly greet us with joy—but then, we had never bothered about her before either.

By JAY WORTHINGTON

**When it came to making friends, Jane was like a fish out of water . . .**

JANE EMERSON'S arrival at Camp Skyline did not inspire any cheers or celebration. Tabby Todd and I were surprised that Jane had selected Skyline, but we were not exactly pleased.

We paid a duty visit to Jane's cabin the first evening. The three of us lived in the same town, and after all, I guess we were curious.

Jane answered our knock. Her dark eyes widened in surprise.

"Oh! Hello, Linda. Hello, Tab —Tabitha."

"I'm Tabby up here, too," my red-headed bunkmate said.

Jane's lips moved in a dutiful smile. "Won't you come in?"

We could see pen and paper under the table lamp, so I said, "We were on our way to our nightly gab-fest. We thought you might like to join us."

"Gab-fest?"

"Talk," I explained. "Chick-chatter. Gab. You know!"

"Well, I was writing a letter to Mother——"

Tabby's eyes flickered angrily at me, as if to say, "Don't let her think she's doing *us* a favor!"

Back home, you see, Jane Emerson seldom spoke to us outside the classrooms, and we thought she was a snob. She never joined us at a coke clique, or at school games. No community spirit. She came to High School, dragged down high

marks, and went home again — usually in the Emerson car.

Jane apparently caught our exchange of looks. Her cheeks went pink, and she said quickly: "Thanks, I'd like to come. I'll finish the letter afterwards."

Our talk soon revolved about swimming. The three-cornered meet with Camp Hilltop and Mayfair was the biggest summer event on our calendar. We had done poorly the past few years, and the effect was beginning to show in the enrollment of new girls. Old-timers like Tabby and myself were really worried. Jane Emerson sat calmly in the shadows at first, not joining in our enthusiasm until someone said we needed a distance swimmer.

"What distance?" she asked.

Ruth Niles, our captain, said "The mile. That's over to the Mayfair landing and back."

"What's the record here for the mile?" asked Jane again.

Dead silence. We never had paid any attention to records. We just went out and swam ourselves groggy, trying to score points for the team.

"Why——I don't know." Ruth glanced around the circle. "I think it's about twenty-five minutes. . . . Isn't it?"

We shook our heads. None of us knew. Tabby and I traded eye-messages again, and I knew that we were thinking the same thing; Jane apparently cared less about the team than she did about breaking a record for herself. Her next remark did nothing to weaken this impression.

"I could do a mile in twenty-five minutes," she informed us, "if the water wasn't too rough."

Jane could swim all right. She beat Tabby and me in our own specialty, the 200-yard free style, in a practice session.

"I want to build up speed," Jane explained, as Tabby and I staggered from the water, winded, "so I can break that mile record."

"Jane, why don't you enter two of the shorter races instead of the mile?" Ruth Niles asked.

Jane had enough conscience to blush, I noticed, but she shook her dark head. "No, I'd rather swim the mile. My time trials show that I have a chance to break the record."

"What she really means," Tabby said angrily, later, "is that she'd have more competition and less chance to break a record in the shorter races! And I used to think Jane Emerson wasn't more friendly back home because we didn't *drag* her into our gang!"

It didn't seem right, somehow, but there wasn't much we could do about it. Jane would be scoring five points for Skyline, anyway, if she succeeded in breaking her precious mile record.

Lunch was scheduled early on the day of the meet, but I was so excited that breakfast was all I could handle. It was afternoon before I learned that no one had gone for the mail. Skipper, our favorite counsellor, had been supervising the early lunch and had forgotten about the mail.

As soon as I could find her, I begged Skipper to drive me to town before the meet. For two weeks I'd been looking for a letter from Jack Leighton. I'd written once to the big goon, as I'd said I would, mentioning our swim meet, and I didn't think I should write again until he answered. Not that I expected Jack to swoon because he got a letter from me, but I thought he could at least wish me luck.

"We haven't much time to spare," warned Skipper. My face must have given me away, however, for she swiftly added, "Oh, all right, Linda. Wait 'til I get the keys."

The nine miles to town were mostly over concrete highway, and we soon pulled up in front of the post-office. I carried the Skyline bundle to the station-wagon,

"Take it easy, Linda," warned Tabby. "You don't know the whole story yet."

fumbled anxiously with the cord.

Sure enough, Jack had scribbled a page and a half at the last minute, telling me to "drown 'em in your wake!" It wasn't much of a letter, a few large scrawls,—but it did give me a little extra lift, somehow.

"Please hurry!" I urged, as the white road flashed under us. "Step on it!"

"Sorry, this is my limit." Skipper smiled, without turning her head, as we started down a curve.

It was a good thing she ignored me. A line of cars suddenly appeared around the next curve. Peering ahead, we could see what had happened. One of those giant trailers, overtaking its cab on the down-grade, had jack-knifed, completely blocking the road.

"Oh, no!" I cried, stunned. "Now what can we do?!"

The meet was scheduled to begin in about twenty minutes. Driving back to town and circling the lake, I knew, would take nearly an hour.

"I'm sorry." Skipper's voice was gentle. "We'll have to go the long way."

If I ran all the way cross-country, exhausting myself, I probably wouldn't reach Camp Skyline ahead of the station-wagon. We went the long way. . . . Thinking about the team, and how much we wanted to win this year, made me almost sick. I'd be too late for the breast stroke, I knew. If I could arrive in time for the 200-yard free style, however, Tabby and I might pile up enough points to give us a chance. That was assuming, of course, that Jane Emerson won the mile.

When we pulled into the camp, finally, I was out of the car before Skipper could switch off the engine. I ran straight for the landing, without stopping to change. If the free style was about to begin, I hoped to persuade the officials to wait a few minutes.

But I slowed, stumbling, as I saw a group of heads half way across Shadow Lake's shimmering waters. That could mean only one thing—the shorter races had been completed. The mile was under way.

I almost couldn't face the others, then, but I had to know about the team. Tabby was lying on her stomach near the edge of the landing, face resting on her elbow. Her blue bathing suit was glistening wet, and she was breathing hard.

"Tabby!" I nudged her. "How did you do?"

Tabby shook her head wearily. "Third," she said.

It was obvious that Tabby did not feel like talking. I ran forward and poked Ruth Niles.

"Do we have a chance?" I asked, fearfully.

Ruth nodded. "Skyline is leading. We can win the meet if Jane takes second place in the mile." She looked at me a second time, frowning at my uniform. "What happened to you?"

I explained in quick, jerky sentences, and then we both centered our attention on the race. My heart had flopped over when Ruth said we could win. All we needed was a second in the mile! Certainly Jane Emerson could place second, after all her talk about breaking the record.

The swimmers had reached the Mayfair landing and were turning back for the final stretch. A red bathing cap was in front. Red for Mayfair, I remembered. Jane would be wearing blue.

"Which team is in second place?" I asked Ruth.

"Mayfair." Ruth's voice was taut. "That's why we need second in the mile to win the meet."

The red cap increased her lead. Vying for second place were a blue cap and a white cap.

Tension mounted swiftly as the swimmers approached. I

heard myself shouting "Come on, Jane!" at the top of my voice. My hands were clenched into fists. I had exhausted my rage at myself for missing my races. Now I wanted to take out my bitterness on Jane. Jane, the record-breaker. Jane, who couldn't bother with us back home. Jane, who was too wrapped up in herself to worry about the team.

The race was in its last hundred yards. The Mayfair girl was stroking smoothly, certain to win. Jane was splashing, struggling to remain in the fight for second place.

Then Jane seemed to quit. She actually floated on her stomach for a few seconds, arms still.

"Come on, Jane!" I screamed. "Swim——you dope!"

The Mayfair girl touched the landing, the winner, and now all attention was on the all-important battle for second place.

Water churned around the blue and white caps. The Hilltop girl spurted. We were all jumping up and down on the landing, making insane noises, as Jane fought to stay even.

But it was a hopeless struggle. Jane slipped back. The Hilltop girl remained ahead, increasing her margin of lead with each stroke. Jane finished third.

"She lost the meet for us," I said, half to myself, "worrying about breaking the record!"

I started angrily across the dock. I don't know what I expected to say, but I felt as if something had to let go or I'd explode at that poor fish, Jane Emerson.

"Take it easy, Linda," came Tabby's tired voice, accompanied by a restraining hand on my elbow. Tabby pointed to the landing's edge, where Jane's long figure was now stretched out, prone. "Look!"

I looked. Jane was breathing hard, face cradled in her elbow, the way Tabby had been. Jane's shoulders were shaking, however, in a way that had nothing to do with exhaustion.

Jane Emerson was crying!

My wrath seeped away. That Jane was capable of feeling was a shock in itself, even if the reason was as trivial as failing to break a record. Suddenly, staring down at the sobbing, black-haired girl, I felt sorry for her. She didn't look self-sufficient at all. She was just a tired loser.

Jane lifted her wet face, and looked up at us.

"What was the matter?" I asked, "Did you start too fast or forget how to swim?"

Two tears spilled out as Jane blinked, her eyes regarding me in puzzled fashion.

"I told you to take it easy," said Tabby. "Jane won the two-hundred free style and breast stroke for us."

I gulped. "Jane won—*what*?"

"She insisted on entering both races when *you* didn't show up. How else do you think we could have been ahead before the start of the mile?"

I hadn't thought about it.

Jane's lips quivered. "I thought I might be able to get second in the mile, but I—I couldn't make it."

"You were swell," said Tabby. "We tied Mayfair for first place. Your third in the mile gave us another point."

I wanted to jump into the lake and sink to the bottom. Do you know what it feels like to be a first-class heel? Don't ever try to find out. My mouth opened, but I couldn't make a sound.

"Ruth said you were held up by an accident," said Tabby.

"I knew it was something you couldn't help," Jane said quickly. Then her voice dropped. "I thought you and Tabby might like me a little, if I could help the team to win. I've always admired you both so much . . ."

Everything was suddenly clear. Jane had picked the mile to avoid beating us in the shorter races. She had come to Camp Skyline because we were here. She had been trying to please us, until she nearly drowned herself in the effort. . . . I started to blubber, in front of everybody.

"Oh, relax," said Tabby, grinning. "What's a point or two between friends?"

She reached for one of Jane's hands, to pull her to her feet. I grabbed the other hand. Jane came up between us, smiling, and we knew that Tabby had said everything . . . THE END

## ANSWER TO MYSTERYETTE

**Penny's own personality chose the right job. Remember how social conscious she was; how happy in her home life, and how much she liked children. The selling job at the Bon Ton would get her the mouton jacket faster, but it would kill her social life. The glamorous modeling job would take her away from home. Naturally Penny preferred the nursery school job, where she could make small, less fortunate children happy. After a few days, Penny was sure she had chosen wisely . . . and the funny thing was, she no longer wanted the mouton jacket.**


**Sweet Sixteen**

SWEET SIXTEEN, August 1947 issue, No. 8. Published every month by Sweet Sixteen Inc., a subsidiary of publishers of Parents' Magazine.

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Publisher.....ELLIOTT A. CAPLIN

Managing Editor....JEAN M. PRESS

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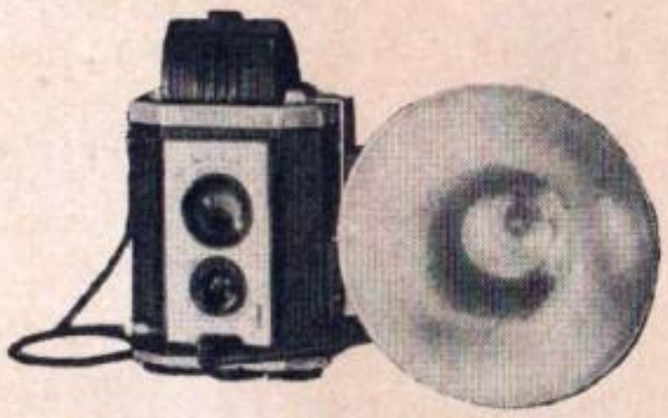

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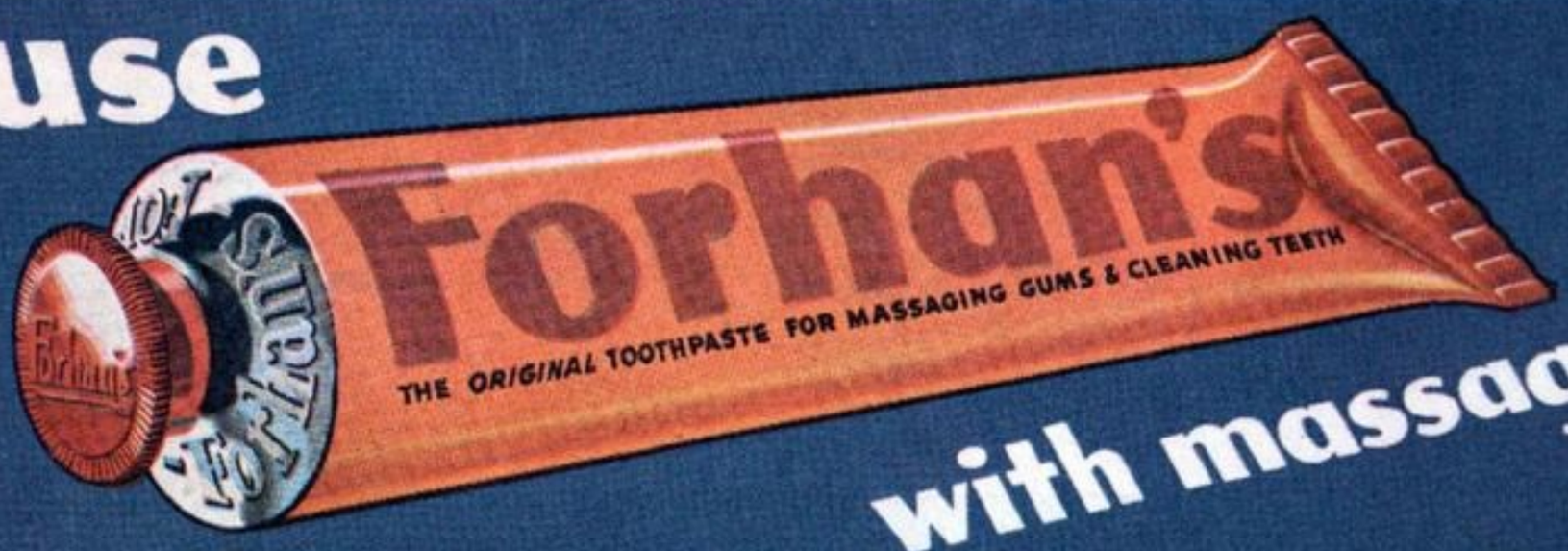


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# SWEET SIXTEEN

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SWEET SIXTEEN 8

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| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A SCOOP FOR PATSY | TEXT | TED SHEARER* | 3½ |
| COVER GIRL | TEXT | ? | ½ |
| DIRNDA | | VIC HERMAN | 3 |
| ROOMMATES | TEXT | TED SHEARER* | 3 |
| | CARTOON | STAN FINE* | ⅛ |
| ICE QUEEN - BARBARA ANN SCOTT | | SCHROEDER? | 2 |
| DOROTHY DARE | | ? | 5 |
| GUY MADISON | | NORMAN NODEL? | 2 |
| 'TWEENERS | | EDMUND JANNACE* | 1 |
| DOLLAR PULLERS (JOKES) | | VIC HERMAN* STAN FINE* | 1 |
| SLICK CHICKS | | STOOKIE ALLEN* | 1 |
| THE POOR FISH | TEXT | CORINE BOYD DILLON* | 3 |







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